This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

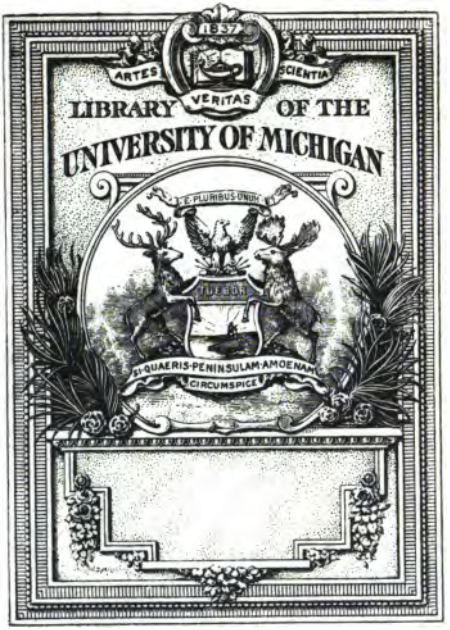
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
E PLURIBUS UNUM
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

35

828
D2175c

CAROLINA DITTIES

THIS IS THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS BOOK

CAROLINA DITTIES

PEGRAM DARGAN

I wear flannel, sir; therefore, pray,
talk to me no more of poetry.—*Etherege.*

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR
BY
THE LITERARY COLLECTOR PRESS
1904

CAROLINA DITTIES

On Repentance 38
A Proper Wife 38
The Fly 39
On Lord Tennyson 41
On Country Life 41
Cupid's Ambush 42
The Case of the Collard and the Pumpkin 43
The Link 48
On Woman 49
The Kiss 49
Hymen's Calendar: or, When to Marry 50
Epitaph on a Debtor 50
"Gog and Magog" 51
To "Juno": On Her Presenting Him with a Feather Pillow 55
On a Strawberry 56
The Curl 56
The Common Lot 57
The Mystery 57
On the Reading-Room, Columbia University, N. Y. 58
Introduction to Day's "Parliament of Bees" 59
On Empire 60
To Some Ladies, Excusing Jealousy 60
To His Mistress Getting Grey 62
Against Weeping 63
An Excuse for Weeping 64
The Snare 65
On the Fire in the Alexandrian Library 66
To a French Belle 68

To the Same..... 69
To the Same..... 70
The Greeting..... 72
The Compliment..... 72
On Meissonier's "Vanderbilt"..... 73
To a Beauty..... 73
On Friendship..... 73
Vesperae Culinariae..... 74
On a Merry Fellow, James Farrington, Falling from a Cherry Tree and Breaking his Neck..... 75
On Lips and Eyes..... 75
The Faithful Lover..... 76
The Threnody..... 77
The Match..... 78
The Triumph..... 79
The Health..... 80
On General Grant's Tomb, New York..... 81
The Stir..... 82
The Exchange..... 83
On Returning at Once a Broach to Felicia, Sent to Illumine Him on a Dark Day..... 84
On the Same..... 85
The Warrant..... 86
On the Pearls in Felicia's Mouth..... 87
On Felicia's Being Slow to Rise..... 88
On Touching Felicia's Fingers..... 88
The Famous Question..... 89
The End..... 97
INDEX OF INITIAL LINES..... 99

"OF POETS AND POETRY"

"SURELY he was a little wanton with his leisure that first invented poetry. It is but a play, which makes words dance in the evenness of a cadency; yet without doubt, being a harmony, it is nearer to the mind than prose; for that itself is a harmony in height. But the words being rather the drossy part, conceit I take to be the principal. And here, though it digresseth from truth, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving curious raiment to her nakedness. The name the Grecians gave the men that wrote thus showed how much they honored it. They called them makers. And had some of them

had power to put their conceits in act, how near would they have come to Deity! And for the virtues of men, they rest not on the bare demeanor, but slide into imagination; so proposing things above us, they kindle the reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, poets that write thus, Plato never meant to banish. His own practice shows he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his poem, when all the herd had left him; and he himself wrote both tragedies and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busy with his gods: and he, being the first that made philosophy divine and rational, was modest in his own beginnings. Another name they had of honour too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish between the prophets and the poets of Israel. What is Jeremiah's Lamentation, but a kind of Sapphic elegy? David's Psalms are not only poems, but songs, snatches, and raptures of a flaming spirit. And this, indeed, I observe to the honour of poets; I never found them covetous or

scrapingly base. The Jews had not two such kings in all their catalogue, as Solomon and his father; poets both. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men: and why may we not then think this may embrace more both of heaven and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason that they, most of them, are poor: they find their minds so solaced with their own flights, that they neglect the study of growing rich: and this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part mighty lovers of their palates; and this is known an impoverisher. Antigonus, in the tented field, found Antagoras cooking of a conger himself. And they all are friends to the grape and liquor; though I think many, more out of a ductile nature, and their love to pleasant company, than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free natures; and are the truest definition of that philosopher's man, which gives him *animal risible*. Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them sensual: yet this

does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some rhyming fools; but what have they to do with poetry? When Sallust would tell us that Sempronia's wit was not ill, says he, *Potuit versus facere, et jocum movere:* "She could make a verse and break a jest." Something there is in it more than ordinary; in that it is all in such measured language, as may be marred by reading. I laugh heartily at Philoxenus' jest, who passing by, and hearing some masons missensing his lines with their ignorant sawing of them, falls to breaking their bricks amain. They ask the cause, and he replies, they spoil his work, and he theirs. Certainly, a worthy poet is so far from being a fool, that there is some wit required in him that shall be able to read him well; and without the true accent, numbered poetry does lose of the gloss. It was a speech becoming an able poet of our own, when a lord read his verses crookedly, and he beseeched his lordship not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latin breaks

Priscian's head; but he that repeats a verse ill puts Homer out of joint. One thing commends it beyond oratory: it ever complieth to the sharpest judgments. He is the best orator that pleaseth all; even the crowd and clowns. But poetry would be poor, that they should all approve of. If the learned and judicious like it, let the throng bray. These, when it is best, will like it the least. So they contemn what they understand not: and the neglected poet falls by want. Calphurnius makes one complain the misfortune.

Frange puer calamos, et inanes desere musas:
Et potius glandes, rubicundaque collige corna.
Duc ad mulctra greges, et lac venale per urbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi fistula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? certè, mea carmina nemo
Praeter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat echo.

Boy, break thy pipes, leave, leave thy fruitless muse:
Rather the mast and blood-red cornel choose.
Go lead thy flocks to milking; sell and cry
Milk through the city: What can learning buy,
To keep back hunger? None my verses mind,
But echo babbling from these rocks and wind.

Two things are commonly blamed in poetry: nay, you take away that, if them: and these are lies and flatteries. But I have told them in the worst words; for it is only to the shallow insight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory or a moralled fable, than in a bare narration. And for flattery, no man will take poetry literal; since in commendations it rather shows what men should be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know hyperboles, in poetry, do bear a decency, nay, a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it is that it wantons the blood and imagination; as carrying a man in too high a delight. To prevent these, let the wise poet strive to be modest in his lines. First, that he dash not the gods: next, that he injure not chastity, nor corrupt the ear with lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher than the slacked pace of prose. Flashes that do follow the cup, I fear me, are

too sprightly to be solid: they run smartly upon the loose, for a distance or two; but then, being foul, they give in and tire. I confess I love the sober muse and fasting: from the other, matter cannot come so clear, but that it will be misted with the fumes of wine. Long poetry some cannot be friends withal: and indeed it palls upon the reading. The wittiest poets have been all short, and changing soon their subject: as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and the two comedians. Poetry should be rather like a coranto, short and nimbly lofty; than a dull lesson of a day long. Nor can it but be deadish, if distended; for, when it is right, it centres conceit, and takes but the spirit of things; and therefore foolish poesy is of all writing the most ridiculous. When a goose dances, and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an ass that is a rhyming one. He is something the less unwise, that is unwise but in prose. If the subject be history or contexted fable, then I hold it better put in prose, or blanks; for ordinary discourse never shows so well in metre

as in the strain that it may seem to be spoken in: the commendation is to do it to the life; nor is this any other than poetry in prose. Surely, though the world think not so, he is happy to himself that can play the poet. He shall vent his passions by his pen, and ease his heart of their weight: and he shall ofter raise himself a joy in his raptures, which no man can perceive but he. Sure, Ovid found a pleasure in it, even when he writ his Tristia. It gently delivers the mind of distempers, and works the thoughts to a sweetness in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a profession, and I would not want it for a recreation. I can make myself harmless, nay, amending mirth with it, while I should perhaps be trying of a worse pastime. And this I believe in it further, unless conversation corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to nobleness; and is never in any rightly, but it makes him of a royal and capacious soul."

FELLTHAM'S *Resolves:*
Pickering, London, 1840.

CAROLINA DITTIES

INTRODUCTION

NOW doth the gallant Spring
Publish in many a leaf,
Mocking old Time, the thief
Of every mortal thing;

Her Winter comes as soon,
And all her glory 's past,
In one Autumnal waste
Her every leaf down blown!

But, for all that, she says,
"When comes 'round the season,
Though it be 'gainst reason,
I must seek the bays!"

Then, Muse, awake with Spring!
And, though it be beneath
The very throne of Death,
We'll dare awhile to sing!

ON BARTHOLDI'S STATUE, NEW YORK HARBOR

WHILE with such beauty she the world allures,
Liberty, Bartholdi, seems less ours than yours;
And, should they fall together, who would say,
Art had more suffered or America?

ON NEW YORK

NEW York is like a woman: no man
Can fully know it or a woman;
So, when you think naught to discover,
Turn round and try 'em both all over!

"JOE FRANK'S BREECHES"

I sing the noble Carpet-Bagger!
Like him, Muse, seek to "cut a figger."

IN the old days, the gossips tell us,
The North had breed of noble fellows;
So thick at home abroad were scattered,
To leave more room for those unlittered;
As when Religion grows too fat
It pants into a foreign state,
And gives its entrails and its views
To those who have no views to lose.
Well, these were fellows of such sort,
That, had there been any other court
But where there fathers sat, they would
Have soon escheated back to God,
Beyond salvation or of hope,
Through that old Chancery cause, a rope;
But, sniffing in the wind there was
Good store of honors for the base,

Who could teach Ebon how to *spell*,
Who only knew the *fact* to, steal,
(Besides some other flourishes
That savages teach savages)
As frogs, as lice, as many plagues
As Egypt had, they ply their legs;
And at last have, for the most part,
Or for the most of those had art,
Arrived at bounds of that old State
Had met the Devil at the gate,
But was just now a little sick
And opposition could not make;
Besides, they'd sent their scouts before;
Who were stout men enough in war
(To hang upon the rear, at least,
And dog-like bay a wounded beast;
As, when they could no more engage her,
Being left behind to help to *badger*.)
So entered they 'neath such an escort
(Besides what came beneath the wes'coat;)
And, having chosen each his *quarter*,
For so much went about to barter;
And ran for office or ran for liquor,
As customer or Fame was quicker;

And with a pack, or with a package,
Got pennies, or got homes in wreckage.
But "Joe" was of the milder kind;
And, though it was not rare to find,
For parts, one conquering as a lawyer,
Another "busy as wood sawyer"
Collecting "chips and whetstones" in,
Where only wit could hope to win;
Till, with the aid of his half worser
(Skilled at the pinch, but no disburser)
Brings in his ship at last so full
It proved how "purser" and he could rule;
There was a sort of wit was rare;
And, though we now need not go far
To find some samples of the thing,
Of virtues then it was the king;
Yes, kept so much to self alone,
There was so little, almost none;
But, somehow, "Joe" a little had got him;
And as his neighbors thought about him,
Or he appeared unto his wife,
The strangest thing, 'twas his belief
That, as they saw him, he was so;
In short, as others saw him, saw.

But, to make this a little clearer,
There must in evidence appear here
A certain pair of famous trousers;
As famous as those known to browsers,
When they recall the famous "mare"
That flung her shoes with luck through Ayr;
And which gave "Joe" as great renown
In a no less distinguished town.
Yet whether cold or heat him twitches
Into the wonders of such breeches,
We can not say; but there he stood,
Be it in cold or in hot blood;
That any passer-by might see
His countenance and his legs agree,
And that they both received a smile
From newness, that might last awhile,
Until again Fortune should please
To sag the cheek or sag the knees;
But for awhile she too will "try 'em,"
And Joseph's coat were cheap hung by 'em!
Now whether, in this very nick,
Truth could have got so to the quick
As make his dear companion slattern
Prefer Her to his breeches' pattern,

And all at once to memory rake up,
While looking on the "wands of Jacob";
Yet, Truth so in her husband dwelt,
He still believed whate'er he felt;
So, when accosted, "Heavens, Franks!"
With reference to 'em, gave his thanks;
Then plucked his legs, as he would skin 'em,
"Yes, very good, but nothing in 'em!"
Thus, with "bags" full, their souls held nothing,
But were but parts of "Joe Franks'" clothing;
So, when your Yankee turns and preaches,
Turn on your heel, with "Joe Franks' Breeches!"

THE REPLY

COME, tell me not of war,
I have no fighting fever;
I pledge the gentlest star,
And that is Venus ever!

In war you're in a hurry,
You mean to waste and kill;
I like to pluck the berry
And leave the stalk stand still;

Yet, think you not much braver,
For I have done more far:
I've lost the heart I gave her,
And you've not yet a scar!

THE QUARREL

NAY! nay! it will not do; the wagging head,
Hands uplift, nor tongue, nor eye plainly speaks,
Says, Come, 'tis late, we'll end it now in bed!
No, but we will not; all this something lacks:
There is a truth ruined, wrecked, and gone forever;
Daylight no more! night, night! I'll ne'er forgive her!
"O yes, I tell you. . . " Tut, stand off! . . .
By Zeus,
If he got his I do not miss it now,
In the sweet page of these unwrinkled brows;
Upon this breast the crow had ne'er lost snow;
Cheops has builded never like this thigh;
Within this girdle Venus anew 'll be got
Ere Morning wake the world's dim, drivelling eye;

What fools are they who meddle with a
thought:
A woman gives a woman's deeds the lie!

ON A HAIR

I NE'ER have spent one happy day
Since I did count my first grey hair;
Since now I know, whate'er they say,
They all are traitors, turncoats, there.

ON SCIENCE

NATURE likes nothing but love, and
Science is,
As 'twere, one universal hug and kiss.

THE SIEGE

O WOMEN are but other Troys,
And like to find the like estate;
They can not stand the Grecian boys
When they come battling at the gate:

They'll take the proudest citadel,
By sword, or fire, or else by guile:
Let Sinon weep and use his eyes,
They'll grant him all his will!

Then come, why struggle 'gainst a kiss?
E'en Priam's lofty town
Fell by as little a thing as this,
Though Hector was his son:

Then think you can no more,
Though 'd of such a score:

A Helen is within the heart
And she will ope the door!

Come, frown not: from either eye
Like deities descend;
And we will combat, till we die,
Unto so sweet an end!

THE ROGUE

WHILE others only steal the ear,
Or prisoner take the eye,
She steals far deeper, and with her
The heart itself doth fly;

Yet, who 'd complain were fool, indeed,
Or has in love small art;
For he, who has not lost his head,
May soon have back his heart!

THE LAUREL

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."

STILL 'tis in Britain, with a drunkard's eye,
We view the "lion" where we hear the fly;
To-day cry up what we to-morrow would
Give seas of gold to bury, if we could.
Behold the giant! All straight bow at once:
Perchance some *Stephen* waiting for his stones!
Who on a dwarfish wit's Procrustean bed
Cuts up more giants than the robber did,
To sacrifice unto a hungry Muse
The very names 'tis honor not to use;
Wonders himself upon the stir he makes,
Yes, half believes as they he too mistakes;
Grows confident apace, believes the common lie,
And now leads Folly, late was led thereby;

Begins anew to scan what makes 'em wonder,
And reads correctness into every blunder;
Puts on atomic specs, to come more near,
And 'fore the wit the eye turns worshipper;
Leaves now all else, himself alone to study,
Till mind is doubled ere had bent the body;
(For half our youth we gather from the crowd
And he is old at once to self has bowed:
Once make oblation to that "Golden Calf"
Past are the bounds to reason or to laugh!)
In future makes the present his chief guide,
The present having bought the right to chide;
So cuts off hope of all advancement wholly,
Measuring the future by the present folly.
Hope, grown impoverished on the meager diet,
It takes but little now to satisfy it;
Can only hope within the bounds he sets,
And, from mere weakness, likes the least it gets;
While *Public Patience* proves Penelope
Might well have been less wonderful than she;
As pirate author seeks through every creek
For him who found the sea as he finds Greek;

Where in one page of floundering rhymes we
run
Into more weather than the Ithican;
Now on a rock, now in whole troughs of
rhyme,
And move and yet move not at the same
time;
So cursed the weather oft we are not sure
But 'tis ship-wreck in fact that we endure;
Till Time, with lantern like a Cyclop's eye,
Has three times past and cried out, "I go by!"
Yet never fear, bright son of Mercury!
Since, if not laurel, money decks thy *tree;*
And thou mays't freely pluck, yet never know
The difference: there knowledge could not
grow;
Sure of thy bays, thou mays't write only
when
Unusual dullness creeps within thy pen;
Dream not one tittle more thy style 't ad-
vance:
As thou destruction would'st fear excellence!
Thou hast far more than such: what more
canst need?

The greatest art of all is to succeed:
In prosperous paths that lead to writing ill
What dangerous folly to think to write well!
Desist at once, else think still to persist
In paths the past has proved for thee the best;
Let others, doubtful of their station, tempt
More perfect pains for perfect skill, exempt
From danger and from travail, take thy ease,
And, richly paid, still all as richly please.
Nor praise shalt lack, however fools may cavil,
If not the god of verse thou hast the devil!
And when with earth disgusted may'st forego
And freely wander with the ghosts below;
No "golden bough" required, thy bays permit
Access to all the riches of the pit;
Sad Proserpine will her black blushes quell
And Pluto crown thee Laureate of Hell!
Or by the dearer name of "Alfred" reign
The *Austin* of the shades, as he of men!
Here wonder must yet throng thy leaden stage,

To view an extinct hero in a cage;
Still sighing damsels, though each Muse you lose,
Worth each a dollar, will no help refuse;
Antique old gentlemen will thy scenes rehearse,
And praise the "boy," though they damn the verse;
Still History must return of thee to write,
The stage's gentlest, last, hermaphrodite;
Still Science thanks you for the curious gift,
And now but asks the head that has it left!
Does great *Mark Antony*, in evil hour,
Forsake the Empire (of a school) for *hoer*,
And sacrifice the mighty *Rule of Three*
For empty arms of widowed Poetry?
Who, to draw from one age one single tear,
Kills centuries to come, struck through the ear;
And far more crime commits, by hellish verses,
Than all men do, for which he all men curses;
'Gainst all the rules of reason yet allowed,
A million ills sends forth to pluck one good;
Who rules conception by the sound he makes,
Till each believes he feels because he shakes;

From the great Chancery of Law and Prose
Arraigns Creation 'fore a Charles-like Muse,
And, short redress, cuts off the Muse's head,
To save the Commonwealth, and perhaps for bread!
Or is it, where *Atlantic* great meets small,
Loud Marlowe with a woman's pipe doth call
On kittenish Love; who, 'faith, for a drab
Of his own lackey got the tickling stab,
Yet, once in Paradise of lace bestowed,
Woos Eve's soft ear in stature of a toad?
Or is it, then, that great almighty pen
Erst wrote "The Sleeping Car" awake again,
Proving to write on up to age's par
Is quite as possible as at first to err?
Or is it, with the grace of God grown cold,
Some parson tinkling in the quiet fold,
Shows in his verses he's the Arithmetic
So well he can *count ten*, like our Van Dyke?
Or, those your horned and hoofèd gentlemen,
Erewhile on Western plains rode ponies in,
With herds of cattle, into herds of rhyme,
Thinking to sing 'em for they once did tie 'em?

Who would in moccasins creep up on Fame,
Or with a lasso catch the flying dame!
Or from rough hills, where never goat had dared,
Reach heights above what Babel ever shared;
Whence, like old Moses from the Mount descending,
Bring down the tables with the like pretending;
(Which shows the Devil may there yet appear
And teach a poet to out-lie a seer!)
Or your Canadian with his snowy bays,
Surprised to find they melt 'neath hotter rays?
Returns to-morrow, who came yesterday,
And as much pleased returning as to stray;
Convinced the Muses now are countrywomen,
So damns the city, but far more damns Famine!
Some curt New Englander, believes his town
Should not, like him, forever be unknown;
Shakes the "dry bones" of Ancestry with song
And household history makes a public wrong!

Some flop-eared Southerner, just learned to bray,
Observed because observed to be astray!
Or unkissed virgin brings forth poetry
Of tenderer sound, to buzz an "F. F. V."
And steal the ear-wax of a family!
And sells a shawl, a bureau, or a bed,
To clear the way to read or to be read?
Who, with less wit than manners, bowing, vow
A God-knows-what unto a God-knows-who!
Or, is 't some peerless peer, of wit o'er trusty,
Who would scour up a pedigree grown rusty,
And proves his father was, as all had known,
A fool unequaled, save by greater son?
Some Welshman addled by sheep's fast increasing?
Some Scot grown honest and at last confessing?
Some Irish lamb or yew in bog lost bleating?
Or *hardy* scribe his thirty acts completing?
Nat Lee revived in Bedlam, sadly frenzied
To think to finish, or to have commenced it;
Proving, if Nonsense has at last fled from us,

There is 'gainst Reason yet one "doubting *Thomas*,"
Who still prefers the old way and the blind
To five fair acts, with the five senses joined!
Or do those seven-months bards, or else born dead,
Find resurrection at the *Bodley Head*,
From grated lines their grated comments wail
While every line is a new monkey's tail?
Does fire enforce a *Gosse* grow so unwise
As bathe in ink and show the *flesh* he is?
Or * * * whose mirth seems like chattering teeth
In the loose mouth of should-be silent Death?
Discoursing on a spoon, that soon must use it,
The epic poet of a china closet!
Or doth rough Esau break the laurels round him,
That more than Daphne tremble ere she found 'em?
That *Rhodes* in rhyme, that muddled Indian Swami,
Seven seas too small, and yet one line too roomy!

Who would each lucky ancient Muse defy
And invocate a new *Geography!*
Joined with the "Jack" in conquest of all climes,
And where it steals a country he steals rhymes?
Awhile they fool us, for awhile we view
And hear enraptured what enraptured few,
Or, maybe, took a world by storm and ears,
(O happy ear that ne'er such storm once hears!)
We bow an hour; then curse the hour we bowed,
And turn, O Phoebus, to the ancient crowd!
'Midst whom thou standest Pope, in simile,
A smiling Samos mid a tossing sea:
So near to land plain men can hear thee speak,
Yet poet too, while poets round thee wreck!
Thou cut'st "the lock" so nimbly, Pope, I swear
Fame will, in honor, one less lock still wear!
In body wretched, though in honor safe,
See Heaven's bright angel opes the door but half:

"Can such a body bring here such a soul?"
A *Dunciad* smiles, and back the bright doors
roll!

ON MRS.—LOSING A FINGER

THIS flowery woman, pulled to pieces,
Yields nought but lips, each fit for kisses;
As those dissevered creepers so much
Alike in all head 'll shoot from stomach;
And, cut 'em spank in-two where you will,
To-morrow they'll meet and fight in duel;
So, Nature made one dame so exactly,
She's in each piece set more compactly;
That, tho' she have now but nine fingers,
That other weeps each one here lingers;
And, to a woman as fair growing,
Will call to-morrow, ask how she's doing;
Not in vile dirt and mire rot,
Like those chopped from the common lot;
That she from surgery's worst 's exempt,
Since springing fresh at each attempt;
Till from the old stock (it cannot fade)
At last no more cuttings can be had;

And from existence she thus slip,
Immortal in her smallest chip.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE REIGN OF THE DEVIL.

THE Devil came up from Hell, they say,
To visit a noble state;
But, liked so much what he found in his way,
Became a candidate;
And greatly at the business thrives,
For "he must go the Devil drives."

He crossed about from place to place,
With *devils* at his heels;
And, if you looked upon his face,
It but one eye reveals;
Which showed that he'd a single eye
At whatsoever he would spy.

So long his throne he held above,
As long as he could stay;
And some did fear and some did love,
But he must now away;
For great rebellion starts below,
And he as well below must go;
For, in his absence thence, you know,
Might be "the devil to pay!"

THE CONFESSION

CUPID held a lock
Of his mother's hair,
While about did flock
Thousands 'round him there;

Begging for a strand,
Which the boy refused them;
Till at last each hand
Plucked and tore and mussed him.

Venus hearing this
Came into the scuffle;
Saying, "See you not who 'tis
You thus tease and ruffle?

'Tis my darling son,
'Tis my precious Cupid!
Villains, every one,
See you what you do there!"

But reply got none,
All stood stocks and stupid;
Beauty grew one frown,
Cupid cried "O mother!"

When straight every hand,
Quick as it had power,
Lifted up a strand
Of her hair to show her;
Love straight grew more bland,
Ceased on them to lower:

"'Bout my hair is it?
Have you not observed, then,
That 'tis false?" Hereat
Back her wig she shoved then;

Fell straight every head,
Beaten all they left her;
Cupid smiling said,
"Mamma, you're a dabster!"

"But, my boy," cried Venus,
"If you only knew,
E'en for your life, between us,
How hard it was to do!"

ON LOW-NECK AND SHORT-SLEEVES

WOMEN know they are prize-boxes;
So, open a little, in order to coax us.

ON BOOK-WORMS

THE dull ass, that can
In books content his soul, has none;
While he has wisdom in the yoke,
Who kisses while he turns the book.

ON A POT OF COFFEE

HERE is more alchemy than of old;
For 'twixt this mist and dregs lies gold,
Like that now seen in yonder East
That cook Aurora serves her guest.

There in her apron, spick and span,
I see her waiting on her man;
Who puffs and blows, and, with a pinch,
Tells her it's "Good!" in lovers' French.

ON A FAIR WENCH A FOOL

AS oft by goods set 'fore a shop,
We here are led too much to hope:
The whole stock out of door is seen,
And 'tis lost time to go within.
Thus your poor author binds his books
And sells himself at what he looks;
So Nature, having fools to sell,
As she 's done you, she frills 'em well.

THE COMFORTABLE DAME

I LOVED a comfortable dame,
Of no especial beauty;
She knew not Homer from a ham,
Or Helen from plain Hetty;
But she could make up beds and sew,
And cook to suit the preacher;
Had a good fat hand, the one, you know,
That proves a butter maker;

She knew just how to feed a cow,
Wouldn't give her fodder to dry her;
Could sit a horse, and make him go,
Without a lackey by her;
Could call my dogs, each by his name,
Knew the hen she shouldn't kill, too;
O the praises of just such a dame
Would leave my goose no quill, too!

Confound it all! there was but one
Bless'd thing at which to cavil:
She was not comfortable on
The subject of the Devil!

Now a woman's *past*, my word upon't,
But proves the timber seasoned;
But a women with a "future" won't
Do for the time that 's *present!*

ON BEAUTY

BEAUTY 's for use, or should be:
No perfect Beauty if she 's lazy;
But, somehow, it seems to me,
Ugly people alone keep busy.

THE QUERY

POLLY hangs her clothes out sunning;
But, sweet Polly's breast's so warm,
I wonder is not Polly punning:
Cooling clothes in her alarm?

TO A ROSE SENT HIS MISTRESS

GO, rose! and in her sunny hair
You shall forget the dew,
That hung the stars about you here:
Her lips will give you new!

Go, rose! and in her hair ne'er think
Of sunny beam reft you;
Of cups of gold where you did drink:
Her eyes will give you new!

Sweet rose, if you one note should miss
Of bird that round you flew,
Her throat the mock-bird's bower is,
And he will give you new!

Fair rose, if you deplore some vine
That wantoned where you grew,

Her fingers will as sweetly twine,
And they will give you new!

Go, rose! and, if you chance to fade
And lose your odor so,
Upon her breast drop down your head:
Her breath will give you new!

So, rose: and, if you die at last,
Beneath her foot lie low;
And, when she once has on you pressed,
That grace will spring you new!

TO VIOLETTA

VIOLETTA! what will you
Match me with those eyes of blue?
What conceit can fit the face
Where those eyes like planets blaze?
But more perfect, but more bright,
True lights, but yet far more than light:

Your philosophic light is "dry,"
'Neath dewdrops here two violets lie:
Your "dry light" may be more intellectual,
But Violetta's more effectual!
In science 'twere the wreath to toil,
A light would shine and never boil;
Come! what has love to do with truth?
Baking with the cheeks of youth?
Violetta's eyes are blue,
Violetta 'll boil you too!

CUPID BLIND

WHY, why, repine at pleasures flown?
'Tis but the glass run out,
And we can call again each one
By turning it about!

"Doth age then take no interest up?
May we live on, and yet
Eat still the pie and drain the cup,
As we'd ne'er drunk or eat?"

Yes, yes, I think to-morrow is
But another day like this;
For, till those stars have left thine eyes,
Cupid will ne'er have his;

And, being blind, how can he see
Old wrinkles when they come?
And I'll not tell him, sweet, till he
Hath stumbled on a tomb!

ON REPENTANCE

O WOULD I were two days off from this sin!
Then should I wish to do the like again.

A PROPER WIFE

"VARIETY'S the spice of life,"
But, in a woman, it is a wife;
For she, who has no wit to be contrary,
Should still darn on and knit, but never marry.

THE FLY

AH, what rare colors do surprise mine eye,
In this little scarce distinguished fly!
Th' excess of form is Nature's blot,
When heaven lies trembling in a mote;
And that so small this little fly
Might well escape a sage's eye;
That at the bungling Fortune shrugs,
And shoots men plagues unknown to bugs:
And, with more glory still more pain,
Who'd not bug rather be than man?
We are great misconceivèd creatures,
Whose smiles spread acres o'er our features,
And frowns so many rods must run,
Ere subtle rage can make it known;
The mathematic point of truth
Lost thus in a wild-wood of growth.
Who would not rather have one jewel
Than carboned hills fit but for fuel?
Or in one volume hold his poem

Than have old Homer talking to him?
Or would the rose that it doth yield
Renounce for title to the field?
Or would not hope's one drop prefer
To actual seas in which to err?
Or would give up that present kiss
For the ten thousand we then miss?
Whene'er was emperor bore such pomp
Upon his head as he on rump?
What tailor has prepared his clothes
Of such good cut and of such gloss?
His liveried wings might Psyche bear
To Venus' son, a prisoner,
In rose shut up by thrifty bee,
To see if, in reality,
Love was all honey, as they say;
So small, I fear he'd have to stay:
Indeed, his only way to reach
His audience is to make it itch.

ON LORD TENNYSON

A SUGAR-CANDY prater, so entirely dull
One lucky line seems treason to the whole.

ON COUNTRY LIFE

NOT witty enough to play the fool,
Not wise enough to go astray,
Ne'er once so hot as need to cool:
They naturally take "the narrow way;"
Are good because 'tis hard to sin,
To be a rogue is quite above 'em;
Temptation throws but one look in,
And hopeless grows to ever move 'em:
Exempted thus from every evil,
Where Sloth is mightier than the Devil!

CUPID'S AMBUSH

WOMEN, like owls, can see by night;
Men, like asses to a trough,
Stumble when they 'd go most light:
Angels have four feet in love!

Never yet was man who could
Hide the flag flown in his blood.

I've known some who thought they did,
But woman thinks twice to their once;
And lo! they winked, but her light lid
Had winked again upon a dunce.

THE CASE OF THE COLLARD AND THE PUMPKIN

THE Collard and the Pumpkin came
In on either hip of the old dame;
And each the first to be in pot
Besought her, and to be eaten hot;
While thus the old lady, much befuddled
At the tight case, up back step toddled;
But, once in kitchen well arrived,
The controversy more hot revived.
You may well reckon how that the house
Was set in great commotion thus,
When I say true she was not able
To silence the matter, though "laid on table;"
When, laying her hand on Pumpkin's cheek,
Said, "Never let what I say break
Your heart." Here Pumpkin's nose, though green,
Turned better to sniff, and she began.

But first she here, I should have added,
Lay bonnet aside and stood bareheaded;
What 's more, as I may say I've heard,
Nor here may be out of place declared,
She was a good round dame, besides,
Before, behind, as ere made beds;
Herself such pattern at each stoop
As told just how to beat 'em up;
Whose praises were no whit o'erlarded,
Though there by every quill recorded;
Her arms at elbow well were dimpled,
Her neck like sour cream was crimpled;
Such hands as pies and cakes delight in,
And where she walks the flowers all brighten,
Her eyes so merry beam, her cheeks
So rosy red, and each so shakes.
I could here hold you further to hint
She was "predestined" to this point;
Besides of jovial disposition,
And, as they say, had "made provision;"
But now a case before her stands,
Justice and dinner on it depends.
"For really I must say," 'twas thus,
Uninterrupted, came the voice,

In sympathetic strains outflowing,
'Twixt vegetable woes a-brewing,
"My dears, I must say 'no' to one
Or t'other of you, whatever's done!"
A sigh now rose from out her breast,
Showing how much she was distressed;
A time to press, if either claimant
Had wit to see and catch the dame in't.
Here Collard shook his leaves and rolled
Some on the floor, as though more bold,
There on their knees, they would entreat her.
And now she was as tight beset, sir,
As any queen by suitors begging;
While 'twixt 'em two her head went wagging.
Quoth Pumpkin, "You may well rely
I'm quicker cooked, and nicer—try!
Your fire I'll not spoil by o'erboiling
And take no meat, that 's now high-selling."
Here Collard, shaking from eyes the drops,
Anew addressed to throne his hopes:
"How far more tender, young, am I, ma'am,
And so unfit to debate, you see, ma'am;
But 'fore your honor no brazen face
Can win from justice now his case.

I have no seed like *Squash* to bother
(I get this virtue from my mother)
No rind to peel away, I'm ready
To jump into the pot—see, Lady!"
It were not easy now to tell
With what high, scornful syllable
The lordly Pumpkin made reply;
Unwreathed his vine of ancestry:
From Jonah's Gourd his house began;
But, like the same concerns in man,
He had improved his early stock,
Which green as Collard at first might look;
And, though it made him blush to own it,
He could with pride too think upon it,
The part that he himself did play
In brightening up his family tree;
And, from a dull and leaden stage,
In him behold the Golden Age!
But with the Squash he denied relation;
When Collard broke on his narration,
As nose-at-law that smelt a rat,
And would to Denmark lead debate:
"Though I so long a line boast not,
I hope one yet as free from blot;

Nor is it he the farthest goes,
But he that still the purest shows;
And, though it may not seem so much,
I may, if no more, this avouch:
That from first day my house began,
Though just where Bible makes not plain,
Till that wherein to-day I'm living,
And, I thank God, too somewhat thriving,
There never yet was old or young,
In all the list, by neck got hung;
Which is far more . . . "but here they fell
Both by the ears at once pell-mell.
Old Goodam now was much put to it,
And took up knife to see if 't would cut;
When, passing same o'er thumb to test it,
By chance (or Fate may have assisted)
The keen edge slipped, the member bled:
"That vote is mine!" straight Pumpkin cried;
But Collard, hastening with his leaf,
Wrapped up the wound and brought relief;
When, swaddling up its finger greater,
The Bench sat squat upon the matter.
Till, lo! what dirge e'er rung since Adam
E'er sounded half so sad to a dame?

The clock struck twelve; the Court arose,
Shook out its apron, and wiped its nose,
Cried thrice "Ay, me!" "'Tis now too late
To cook you either, what will they eat?"

THE LINK

PHYLLIS, all thy charms have left thee,
All thy graces long have fled thee,
Why more constant, why more steady,
Persist I to linger 'round?

Phyllis, fortune too 's bereft me,
But two hairs I've to make ready,
And with the spoon again I've fed me,
Hence I am as tightly bound!

ON WOMAN

ALL other delights grow poor and common,
Joy wears alone the form of woman:
Other shapes she may put on,
Perfect only in this one.

THE KISS

O DIVINE difference, by which
We are, and thus can touch!

HYMEN'S CALENDAR: OR, WHEN TO MARRY

YOUNG men early,
Young maids rarely;
Old folks never,
Prime folks ever;
The gay widow when she can,
And the old maid any man:
But, the merry bachelor,
Let him do it if he dare!

EPITAPH ON A DEBTOR

STRIKE out the naughts from his account,
The digits come to no great amount:
He thought in millions but performed in tens,
And still "to-morrow" was to-day's defense;
Now, there's no to-morrow left, what will he do?
Why, roundly bid Death, no doubt, "Be damned and sue!"

"GOG AND MAGOG"

AS those know nothing still will vapor,
As legs the lightest most will caper,
Of this and that we were discoursing:
Of how old she, when he was nursing;
Who looked like father, who like mother,
Of this good couple, that bad other;
How little she knew what to do
With money, who'd been poor till now;
How hard to teach old dogs new tricks,
How soon they'll die that Heaven likes;
Who should, but wouldn't, whip her baby,
Who always neat, who always shabby;
What old-time honor was and is,
And if there's now such thing as this;
Who last the doctor was seen going to,
And who the parson late was bowing to;
How young she looked, how old he seemed,
And how no one alive had dreamed
Of such a thing, at such a time,

That he'd have her, that she'd have him;
How dear was money, when it had rained,
And when 'twould be fit to plow land;
How hard it was just now to get eggs,
And when it would be best to set eggs;
And was odd number to be chosen,
One either more or less than dozen;
Or could the hen the difference tell?
Or was it Fortune did rebel,
And ostracised the unlucky fowl
Had dared the oddities of her rule?
If any one there of the party
Did recollect the year of '40?
When this or that was like to 've been,
Or was, and by whom it was seen;
Then of a creek that used to run
Up-hill, and now again ran down;
And who had seen it, and would swear to it,
And who had seen it, but ne'er been near to it;
Then of the state, then of the country;
As of the leaders all and sundry:
Of him was false, and him was true,
Of who knew nothing, who all knew;
How he was sure to win was "running,"

How he who wouldn't proved his cunning;
How he'd so much and he had no character,
And how at last all is due to character;
Then of the war that then was raging,
And why he was, he not, engaging;
How far the contest yet had got on,
And who so far the best had gotten;
What meant this point, what should have been done,
As we'd all just come back from Linden;
With this and that, and all about it,
And how old "Bob" and "Jack" had fought it;
When madam, gazing through her glasses,
Like angel peering on our faces,
And as she felt what she was saying,
With certain signs of former praying,
And wrinkling brow to show the field,
And bending hand to make us yield,
Said 'twas the last of cat-and-dog,
"'Tis all now twixt Magog and Gog!"
When some, had not heard all at first,
Proposed great reasons why the thirst
Of blood, to stint which many pray for,

Had yet full many a worthy wherefore;
But she, as though she spoke the doom
Of all that was, is, or to come,
And shaking head like baby rattle,
As there were hung the scales of battle,
Informed us all, wrapt in the fog,
'Twas only now "Magog and Gog!"
Then crossed her hands within her lap,
And left us struggling to escape,
With loss of world to save good manners,
And yield the victory for the "honors;"
While some would laugh, and some would
ponder,
But all observed it was a "wonder;"
And, toward it moved by various causes,
We crowned the lady with applauses.

TO "JUNO":

ON HER PRESENTING HIM WITH A FEATHER PILLOW

FULL harsh the sea-bird's breast to me,
Though wanton winds do often choose it;
Alack! sweet love, the thought of thee
What but thy bosom can repose it?

Would Jove on Juno's breast forego
To drowse on heaps of honied roses?
Though Cupid fanned them with his bow,
I' faith, methinks the god refuses!

Then think me not to cheat so well,
As that with feathers I'll be trading;
Or, if thou wilt, a kiss may sell;
But put in that and I'll be lading:

Else do I hold it for a feather,
Soon blown away in love's rude weather!

ON A STRAWBERRY

HERE is a girl all heart!
I've never seen one like her:
Then, sweet one, ere we part,
Let's grow a little "thicker!"

THE CURL

WHAT were to me old Aeson's fleece,
Though every hair were worth a dollar,
And Heaven had changed each flea till his
Coat too were of the proper color;

Though dew-drops there had turned to pearls,
And motes and specks were diamonds sundered;
There were yet more in this girl's curls,
Where sunlight makes each worth a hundred!

THE COMMON LOT

THE griefs of the widow lie in the tomb,
The maid's lie in her eye;
The good wife's are thick as the straws in her broom,
And the grandam's never dry;

The wifeless wag thinks he's undone,
The yoked ox feels the gall;
The youngster starts at his mistress' frown,
And the old Jack at a shawl!

THE MYSTERY

I SWEAR I love you not;
And yet I know not why,
When I have thought you were forgot,
Within my thoughts you still are brought,
Still linger in mine eye!

Is it the parting kiss
    Will never quite depart;
That, when I think I now do miss you,
'Tis but then the greater pleasure,
    That I'm then in thy heart?

ON THE READING ROOM, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, N. Y.

HERE might meet once again that ancient
    Senate,
Yet scarcely miss their fathers' shadows in it;
Such gravity, such stern delight, we feel,
The mind turns marble and the body steel;
Great deeds begin in us afresh to brew,
As that great age were not alone in view;
Blood beats that had before within us slept,
And to seize arms our spirits up have leapt:
Such colors and such lines before us mixed
As Jove might show with Venus standing
    next:

INTRODUCTION TO "DAY'S PARLIAMENT OF BEES"

COME along with me,
Ye who would strains hear
That no man leaves free
If they find his ear,
But, like sirens, they
Will bind him at their will
To listen and hear still,
Till his heart shall die
Or the poetry;
Such strange potency
In these leaves doth lie:
You who would not be
Of their company,
While your steps are free,
Fly, O fly!

ON EMPIRE

THE vast estates of skin and bones
Sufficient are for human thrones;
And he a captain is, indeed,
Who conqueror is of one round head;
While he who can extend his sway,
Make every quarter give him way,
From top to toe, as on he goes,
Far more than Caesar did he does:
Through blood and belly as he pushed
Found out the worlds the Grecian wished.

TO SOME LADIES, EXCUSING JEALOUSY

PYGMALION, sweets, was not content
With his one marble dear;
But when he once had caught the hint
Still sought to make one more fair;

So bent this hair a little back,
Then cast anew that nose;
Laid still more cream upon this cheek,
Dropped dews into that rose;

And still he liked her not for this,
And tried another stone;
For still he sought that perfect kiss
In lips was never known;

Till these fair ladies, like you girls,
Did on each other stare;
Then straight their hands plucked off their curls,
And tore their marble hair!

Then, if hard stone, that coldest is,
Not jealousy withstood,
For chiseller man, can you do less,
Who are poor flesh and blood?

TO HIS MISTRESS GETTING GREY

THIS silvery wire, that once was gold,
Still holds me on as tight;
For I'm not one can change, grow cold,
For but a hair grows white;

There's yet an angel in that eye,
A Cupid looks from this;
And these shall play us, you and I,
And as our true selves kiss:

Then, when we can't keep up the war,
These still our agents are;
And, whatsoe'er they do or say,
We grant 'em liberty!

AGAINST WEEPING

I OWN I sometimes long to weep,
But when I see another do 't,
I then do swear, whate'er shall hap,
I will be constant mute!

The rain doth wear the hardest stone,
And hearts I think no more;
So, I'll not care to break this one,
Unless I had a score!

AN EXCUSE FOR WEEPING

THIS love of ours, dear,
Is like the earthly flowers, dear;
And must have water, must have sun,
Or it will ne'er be grown, dear!

Then, if I weep, my dear,
Thine eyes bright keep, my dear;
For, 'less 'tis so, there'll be no dew,
Nor any sun but you, my dear!

Then a pearl think each tear, dear,
Dropped in the curl o' his hair, dear;
That only shines when you look down,
Till we do kiss in one, dear!

THE SNARE

FAIREST, since you cannot see
What so moves, yet fetters, me,
Let me better than your glass,
Which can only show your face,
Tell you what at length I find
To distract, yet please, my mind;
(Since such glass can only show
What the best translators do,
Spoiled rhymes turned into prose,
Six chamber-maids for every Muse,
That like fallen angels tell
That the fairest did rebel)
Let me like a little poet,
Since a greater's not to do it,
Make of virgin rhymes a book
Where your soul can better look,
Than the naked eyes of flesh
In the crystal brook or glass:
Come to school to me awhile,
And I'll teach you every wile,

Every beauty, that way-lays
Souls whose eye-balls dare to gaze;
Till, one term in Cupid's college,
You'll love the teacher for his knowledge!

ON THE FIRE IN THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY

GOOD God! behold the monarch how he strides:
Here snuffs a king and there a queen divides;
O'er Homer's sentences he can not scan
Draws one red flourish, like an idiot man;
Thumbs Zeno but an instant, Euclid damns:
Each gives one glance and then to all gives flames;
As when old Jupiter unto Semele brought
His golden fires, and as she kissed she caught!
A blazing Proteus, and all shapes assuming,
He meets himself, astonished, two ways coming;
A ruin himself, he on himself must fall,
And only lives Destruction through it all.

Puffed up with wit, the flaming ruffian grows
As wildly frolic as a drunken Muse,
Burns in more shapes than ever fire yet knew,
While to poetic madness all is due;
Now like a cloud grows thick, as 'twere unlearnt,
And straight we know some heavy sophist 's burnt;
Rises again on superhuman wings,
And straight we know 'tis Sappho flaming sings!
Through all shapes onward like a player goes,
And yet 's reality in all he does:
Now rolls a serpent, now a fury stalks;
Roars like a bully, now a harlot talks;
Shrinks, then, as full of wild audacity,
Like Samson grappling, leaves the empty sky:
Flat on his face, like to old Dagon knocked,
The hellish monster writhes, with learning choked!

TO A FRENCH BELLE

THESE stupid clods, that make believe
By God they were created human,
And only some dull ass deceive,
Ne'er saw a man, ne'er saw a woman,
By Heaven! if they by you are seen,
We know how monkeys came from men.

There is no difference, it is true,
Between the sun that lights yon zenith
And that to-morrow 'll be in view,
Or that as fast that now declineth:
A common purpose runs, no doubt,
From vegetable into brute;

Yet, though philosophy may prate
And equal rights to all be given,
I swear I think a little late
The ugly 'll be admitted Heaven!

Bright then as day, and first to go
Into the great wing-dressed assembly,
Pray think on those you've met below,
And slip me in, as of the family!

TO THE SAME

THE rich applaud thy country's wine,
But I'm more blest, though poor:
When thy two eyes had looked on mine
Carnegie had no more!
Too poor to pay for rich champagne,
I looked into those eyes again!

Look on me then, again, and I'll
Speak French as well as you:
The lexicon lies in thy smile,
Each meaning in my view;
And, if my lips pronounce amiss,
'Tis "*parlez vous*" would be a kiss!

TO THE SAME

WE to-day are indigo,
Lacking sunshine, blood, and you;
Eating little, sleeping less,
No sheet whiter than each face;
Clouds of heaven and of eyes
Make one widow earth and skies;
Not a wish, not a prayer,
Answered, or preferred, I fear:
Heavens, lady, when do you mean
To come and make us men again?
Out of sorts, out of heart,
We damn Nature, she damns Art;
Trifles now are mountains t'us,
Not a mountain worth a mouse;
Even coffee, that great god
Hung a sun in every cloud,
Fails to fire the watery eye,
For all his rich divinity;
Nor can tea, that angels sip,

Avail to loose the heavy lip;
Chained is every tongue, and butter
Melts in vain, we nothing utter;
One commandment, one vile code,
Holds in all: *there's nothing good!*
He who thinks to break the rule
Turns and finds he's played the fool;
Waiting for thy tongue, the truth
Will not be soiled by other mouth;
Waiting for thy smile, we see
Beauty ugly grown as we;
Quite neglected by thy hands,
Not a door but sulking stands,
Or, moving, moves as 'twould refrain,
And only moved to show its pain.
I hear to-day the well is dry:
The cause is found in every eye!
What if to-morrow should report
The bucket lost? we've hearts left for't:
Buckets in wells sink no lower,
Nor are more empty, I am sure!

O, we can tarry, we can wait
On fortune, fame, on health, estate;

Yes, till grey, if 'tis so long;
Only this we count a wrong,
Only this we cannot do:
Wait another day for you!

THE GREETING

COME now, my blood, begin to rise;
And, breath, grow short and ever quicker;
Look out, my eyes, as through the skies,
Like stars, you'd leap to overtake her;
Come, hands, through heat turn all to gold;
But, lips, that you may know your part,
Grow whiter now than snow, as cold,
But, meeting hers, prove each a heart!

THE COMPLIMENT

KITTY'S "fair," has "charming grace,"
Kitty's "rare," and Kitty's "wise;"
But most I think that Kitty is,
Kitty laughs at all he says.

ON MEISSONIER'S "VANDERBILT"

'TWAS blood, not money, did this piece inspire:
Here was a man, or Art is a great liar.

TO A BEAUTY

THY bosom rocked this air into a sea;
Since when there's been no rest for Love or me.

ON FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP'S a bottle, with a single bowl:
Who drinks first 's a thief, who last a fool.

VESPERAE CULINARIAE

WHEN we do daily, with prayers, make
The dishes dip their heads,
And ask God, though our hearts he break,
Theirs spare, and too their lids;
When o'er the *Croton* fount we stand,
Like John, and thrice baptize 'em,
While, like clean sheep, I fetch 'em to land
And Kitty cleanly dries 'em;
There's more religion in our cloth,
When it is wrung and hung up,
Than in that wraps some dirty sloth,
Called priest, were better strung up:

Then come to the kitchen, sweet, let's pray!
Fetch the soap, I have the pan;
For I know it means, whate'er they say,
That the good comes next the clean!

ON A MERRY FELLOW, JAMES FARRINGTON, FALLING FROM A CHERRY TREE AND BREAKING HIS NECK

OLD "Ferry" 's now called out his last,
To all the world, "Get drunk!"
Since, rather than let one cherry waste,
He 's into *cheras* sunk.

ON LIPS AND EYES

O EYES are but spies,
Lips are far more true;
And are only held off from giving a kiss,
For fear of what these gossips may do!

Therefore is Cupid always blind,
Though with lips like a cherry;
For this fact he has in mind,
So grows blind to be merry!

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

O NEVER think that I could turn away,
But, as Lot's wife, the more with thee to stay;
That every step from thee should be
A monument of constancy;

O never think my love will cool,
Or lazy grow like pampered fowl:
The more the gods of nectar drink
The less inclin'd they are to wink;

No, never fear; though Fate me force
From Love elect a different course,
Still I'm that fly 'round candle turns,
And, as away he flies, he burns!

THE THRENODY

WHEN thou, little body, art laid i' the ground,
Will I there weep, make a sorry sound?
O, no; I'll garden daisies there,
And bed the honeysuckle for thy hair;
And for the cedar I'll set the hickory
And acorned oak to watch o'er thee;
That when I come I may find nuts,
And crack 'em seated on the roots;
For love, being hungry, cannot thrive,
While being so fed, your memory 'll live.
I'll call this one your heart, this mine,
And, to unite us, then will dine.
Then pray what I there set may grow,
And prove a bond 'twixt me and you:
I've known a widow leave an hour
Too soon for all being grass or flower.

THE MATCH

LIKE two digits of a pen
Women should agree with men:
If they cross, or stick, or scratch,
O, but 'tis an ill made match;
But they both together spell
Heaven with ink of blackest Hell.
That they may not go contrary,
Let 'em not in length much vary;
Then they must be of like mettle,
Not one soft, and t' other brittle;
But this last is that which makes
Marriage 'twixt the points of sex:
That, however constantly,
They've been parted, yet they'll fly
To each other, and will meet
In a quick kiss, as close as sweet;
Yes, then when the most divided
Then most long to be united:
This it is that makes each line
Like a hair, as smooth, and fine.

THE TRIUMPH

TO me the birds, insulting, say,
"We have more wing than she!"
The rose replies, from all her dyes,
"I have reds redder be!"
The lily says, "Look, look on her face,
Is she as white as me?"
No, birds; no, rose; no, lily, no;
But she excels you yet:
For, though you greater ones may show,
In her you all are met!

THE HEALTH

TO Noah, boys! to Noah, boys!
Lift up the cups to Noah, boys!
He's the only man
That had a can,
In the early days, we know of, boys;
Then, here's to him again, boys!
The first of drinking men, boys!
That dared his wife,
To please his life:
To him a good one throw off, boys!
To him a good one throw off, boys!

ON GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB, NEW YORK

O HAD the "Rebels" had but so much bread,
You'd never had these stones about your head!
Graceless, disgraceful, heap of nonsense here,
Like a great cough, or *bravo*, of the air;
Or some great gob of patriotic fat
Flung to the hungry eye of famished state;
Such piles of love, ridiculous excess,
To some stone-cutter might his widow raise:
Art's tomb as well, that every grace doth want,
And out of place o'er any man but Grant.
Bare fortress, where barbarity will long
Retire and rescue her still beaten throng;
Here academic poets will resort,
And frame their verses as they find hints for 't;
Thick headed sculptors hither will repair,

And sacrifice to kinship they find here;
Old army Colonels will here hear the drum
Beat up, suggesting wherefore pensions come;
The Eagle when he lacks in fury, on
These stones may scratch his claws, and grow
like one;
Till, at the last, for quarry it has served,
Whence monuments are mined, true statues
carved.

THE STIR

BEHOLD! by trick dragged out he goes,
And thus, at last, some dust upthrows;
Who, but for Fate inventing Edison,
Had died unseen, of patent medicine.

THE EXCHANGE

USE not those eyes to put out mine!
Unless we keep the text,
And "an eye for an eye" should give me thine,
To shine where mine were fixed!

But ah! the exchange for me were poor;
Since then thou couldst not see
How much with thine I could adore,
When looking, sweet, on thee!

But, if they then must go, indeed,
Put out by greater light,
Know, Sol, 'twas when thou wert in bed:
I lost my eyes at night!

ON RETURNING AT ONCE A BROACH TO FELICIA SENT TO ILLUMINE HIM ON A DARK DAY

TAKE, Felicia, back this gift,
Lent to soothe me but a minute;
Transitory, at best, 's the theft
Of joy that such relief holds in it:
Longer would you have me blest,
Send one warmer from thy breast!

Greater gifts he merit must
Who in good manners doth receive
Whatever little 's on him thrust,
Though by a hand far more could give;
And, hungry, smiles to get a crumb,
From whence a loaf as well might come.

Blest Felicia, take thy broach,
Press it to that breast of thine:
Think, when I have done as much,
How my wit will like it shine!

ON THE SAME

SUNDERED from their heaven, shine
No longer stars; this star of mine
Must in its heaven be again,
Ere it can shine to conquer rain:
There, like the *North*, 'twill beckon me
To that sole port where I would be!

THE WARRANT

GO search for further planets, fools!
Or speculate upon *redemption*,
Till, bodies threadbare worn by souls,
Death set aside Life's long exemption;

Go climb hills, dally on the main,
Seek treasure lost, do what you will;
With hands of health engross up pain,
And, lacking hairs, rejoice in skill;

Ne'er think to slack, make all your days
As full of labors as of fame,
Till, at the last, you sink to raise
Succeeding fools that bear your name;

But I, to farther worlds admitted,
In richer mines than these rejoice:
By L——'s eyes lit and delighted,
To Heaven called by L——'s voice!

ON THE PEARLS IN FELICIA'S MOUTH

THE tumbling ocean rich and blue
Breeds pearls no more than here and there,
Felicia smiles but once on you
And thirty say, "How do you, sir?"

Death, lost to folly, thou may'st sweep
The lustre down from every brow,
And on one indistinguished heap
The tattered rags of morning throw;

Thou may'st do more, and through the leaves
Of petted poets lead the moth,
Till in new sides a volume heaves,
Till quiet falls upon 'em both;

Youth may neglect to redden, Age
May seek his grave with nimbler eye;
Yet turn, Death, up thy latest page,
These pearls will give thee still the lie!

ON FELICIA'S BEING SLOW TO RISE

ARISE! or else there'll be no sun!
What care we for the draggled Hours?
Beauty's clock must strike by yours:
Till L——'s up there can be none!

ON TOUCHING FELICIA'S FINGERS

THUS angel wings oft touch our brows,
And we some happy thought conceive,
And wrongly to some vulgar Muse
The credit, and the payment, give;

But for the skill I have to-day,
Confound the Muse! I'll let her know it:
Whatever your wise-acres say,
It is a woman makes a poet!

THE FAMOUS QUESTION

How unhappie soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the Theame is worthy enough.—Habington.

SAYS Rumor, George and Brother Mose
Had each a "tongue" and each a "nose"
Beyond the wont of mortal men,
More tender one, t'other more keen;
Who to the palate made report,
Who lodged the business with the Court.
In truth, these members were so skilled,
As soon as aught was caught or killed,
They could, almost to hair, predict
How it would be best cooked, when picked;
And could, by secret signs observed,
Prejudge how it would taste when carved;
On pie-crust being too "short" they'd levy,
They were "your men" for testing gravy;
And, measuring water in the mouth,
'Tis said, they gathered up the truth;

But, if perplexed was one or t'other,
He drove like mad to seek his brother;
And for the time reserved decision,
Until he'd ended thus his mission.
They loved each other, to a straw,
Next to the love they gave the law,
Which from their father they had taken,
How to cook fish, how to fry bacon.
For let no man think in an hour
To cook his fish and it devour;
Although some fools have thought to fry 'em,
And spoiled all in shorter time:
To rightly stew and serve with rice
Were worth a six days' sacrifice;
(And, if convenient, better longer,
The care is more, the relish stronger;
And man's prepared, as well as dish,
When all comes up just to a wish;
As she, who has not had a kiss,
Can best discover what it is
That makes her wish for it so much,
And seem so sweet upon the touch;
Because she is for dish prepared,
Before she gets it on the board)

While to be rightly cooked, your bacon
Must lie in hand and never blacken
So much as finger of a glove;
Of which the'd often made the proof;
(I mean such glove as friends will often
Employ in bearing out a coffin)
But if no such glove chanced to offer,
Sooner than let inquiry suffer,
They had another way to test it;
Which was after it had been digested:
I mean it would all question squelch
If only pleasant in the belch.

Now if you think 'em up-given wholly
To vulgar things, Hell hound your folly!
You show yourself an idle ass,
And as little fitted for the case
That I intend to bring before you,
Ere all is done, as goes the story.
Know, then, that to know how to choose
His dish concerns the dog and Zeus;
And nothing keeps the sky between 'em
So much as what the two put in 'em;
That 'tis no mean thing to know how
To cook a fish, but not to know;

That, when the world's a world of cooks,
It may for fire consume its books;
The laws of God we may forget
But not the laws of how to eat:
At least so far they do contend
Who such things rightly comprehend.
Thus, fearing evil hid in reason,
Their father taught 'em how to season;
To turn out such a dish as was
A credit to him and his race;
Not scrape out skillets and pots clean,
But to direct as gentlemen;
To taste the soup and judge the pepper,
And say when salt and all was proper,
When this should be, when this not, added;
Besides, he had his counsels padded;
For having found how lard helped dishes
He "larded" too his dying wishes;
And he who wills this side of death
Must "will" beyond, to swell his breath
Up to the pitch of being heard;
Else an un-backed-up dead man's word
Rocks like an infant's empty cradle,
From less to less, till silence fatal!

But, come, our "father" was not so:
Where he would have his saddle go
He left a horse as well beneath it,
And so compelled his son go with it;
And, wishing memory to sustain him,
He knew to bribe it would maintain him;
So sowed in life those winter oats,
He later, armed with Death's scythe, cuts.
No more a-field to further ramble,
Though it be Death's; to end preamble,
They'd bodies large and bellies healthy,
And had been blest by father wealthy;
A look around each way revealed
As many dozen fields, each field
Like table in the dining-room,
And all they viewed belonged unto 'em;
With dogs, besides, children and niggers,
And rents each year beyond their "figgers;"
Agreed and got along so well,
Together'd buy, together'd sell;
Nor leased an acre, took a mortgage,
But "I'll ask Mose," or "I'll let George judge;"
Always at one, never at odds;

And, for the rest, thought all the gods
Might have to hold 'gainst a poor sinner
Forgotten was at a fish-dinner;
At least 'twould cancel any crime
Could they but only stoop and try 'em;
And even in the fumes they might
Perceive enough to set all right.
In this alone they'd ever cross
The query now engages us;
And 'tis a matter, we must own,
Of nice distinction, such as none
But such wise and such skillful men
Will ever dare to raise again;
Much more to think at last to settle
Proves both their wisdom and their mettle;
No matter for your common dull men,
Beyond we think your ancient Schoolmen;
But, such the sense of conscious merit
To never fear but still to ferret,
And where 'twere hidden to grosser man
Find Truth, though hidden 'neath the pan,
In lard fried up, to smoke long-doomed,
They still adventured unconsumed!
Well, then the matter briefly thus,

That puzzled them and puzzles us:
"I tell you, George. . ." "I tell you, Moses,
With two I think he something loses."
"Two are enough, or else they'll cool!"
"You're wrong, sir; mine's the better rule.
"I dislike eating in the kitchen,
I'd rather have a third to fetch in."
"One to cook and one to eat
Is still the best way, as I see 't!"
"He such maintains as far mistakes:
It takes three, sir!" Each his head stakes.
"Well, when you're at my house again
I'll show you plainly what I mean."
"In order that no good miscarry
To smell 'em first is necessary,
As they come in; then appetite
Has time itself to whet a-right;
Besides, you must wait on the butter:
Till it get in, 'tis nonsense utter
To think to stir a tongue or hand;
And yet that time lost is but gained
Which gives the water time to rise,
Which is what all taste clarifies,
And adds ten times unto the relish."

"Excuse me if I say you're foolish;
I hold that two are quite sufficient,
Besides delay makes me impatient;
I like to have 'em just turned over."
"Why, then, sir, do it with a cover!"
"They'll sweat and all are ruined, man!
I'll prove it when you come again."
"You can not prove what can not be:
To eat buckwheat requires three!"
And oft from breakfast time till supper
No other subject thought to offer;
And though their wives oft asked, "What is it?"
Was it two or three took up each visit;
And gone to church or gone to Court House,
At home, abroad, still the report was,
Hot ran the current of debate,
Like butter round in a hot plate;
But, as to this, they'd ne'er agree:
If it took two or needed three!
Nor can we now with duller noses
Hope to decide twixt George and Moses;
But must the question leave as riddle
Between the table and the griddle,

How many men are needed truly,
As matter got beyond us wholly;
Yet, though such fools as we it poses,
We prize a cake next George and Moses.

THE END

AND is it then all right,
Or, is it then all wrong?
I do not yet know quite;
So I'll end it in a song:

For beauty fails and dies,
And love an hour lasts;
And time as fast too flies,
And of his own doom tastes;

Then while we can let 's cry,
Ho, fetch, boy, fetch some wine!
For here 's the only sky
Where the sun doth ever shine!

Then, drink! drink! who would bother?
Although unsteady all;
Since what we lose another
Will on 't to-morrow fall!

Then up! lift up! here 's a lip
That never is quite dry;
And when you long to sip
Will never kiss deny!

INDEX
OF
INITIAL LINES

	PAGE
Ah, what rare colors do surprise mine eye	39
All other delights grow poor and common	49
And is it then all right	97
Arise! or else there'll be no sun	88
As oft by goods set 'fore a shop	32
As those know nothing still will vapor	51
A sugar-candy prater, so entirely dull	41
Beauty's for use, or should be	34
Behold! by trick dragged out he goes	82
Come along with me	59
Come now, my blood, begin to rise	72
Come, tell me not of war	10
Cupid held a lock	28
Fairest, since you cannot see	65
Friendship's a bottle, with a single bowl	73
Full harsh the sea-bird's breast to me	55

Good God! behold the monarch how he strides 66
Go, rose! and in her sunny hair 35
Go search for further planets, fools 86
Here is a girl all heart 56
Here is more alchemy than of old 31
Here might meet once again that ancient Senate 58
I loved a comfortable dame 32
I ne'er have spent one happy day 12
I own I sometimes long to weep 63
I swear I love you not 57
In the old days, the gossips tell us 5
Kitty's "fair," has "charming grace" 72
Like two digits of a pen 78
Nature likes nothing but love, and Science is 12
Nay, nay, it will not do; the wagging head 11
New York is like a woman 4
Not witty enough to play the fool 41
Now doth the gallant Spring 3
O divine difference, by which 49
O, eyes are but spies 75
O had the Rebels had but so much bread 81
O never think that I could turn away 76
O women are but other Troys 13
O would I were two days off from this sin 38
Old "Ferry" 's now called out his last 75
Phyllis, all thy charms have left thee 48
Polly hangs her clothes out sunning 34
Pygmalion, sweets, was not content 60
Says Rumor, George and brother Mose 89

Still 'tis in Britain, with a drunkard's eye 15
Strike out the naughts from his account 50
Sundered from their heaven, shine 85
Take, Felicia, back this gift 84
The Collard and the Pumpkin came 43
The Devil came up from Hell, they say 27
The dull ass that can 31
The griefs of the widow lie in the tomb 57
The rich applaud thy country's wine 69
The tumbling ocean, rich and blue 87
The vast estates of skin and bones 60
These stupid clods that make believe 68
This flowery woman, pulled to pieces 26
This love of ours, dear 64
This silvery wire, that once was gold 62
Thus angel wings oft touch our brows 88
Thy bosom rocked this air into a sea 73
To me the birds, insulting, say 79
To Noah, boys! to Noah, boys 80
'Twas blood, not money, did this piece inspire 73
Use not those eyes to put out mine 83
"Variety's the spice of life" 38
Violetta! what will you 36
We to-day are indigo 70
What were to me old Aeson's fleece 56
When thou, little body, art laid i' the ground 77
When we do daily, with prayers, make 74
While others only steal the ear 14
While with such beauty she the world allures 4

Why, why, repine at pleasures flown 37
Women know they are prize-boxes 30
Women, like owls, can see by night 42
Young men early 50

FINIS